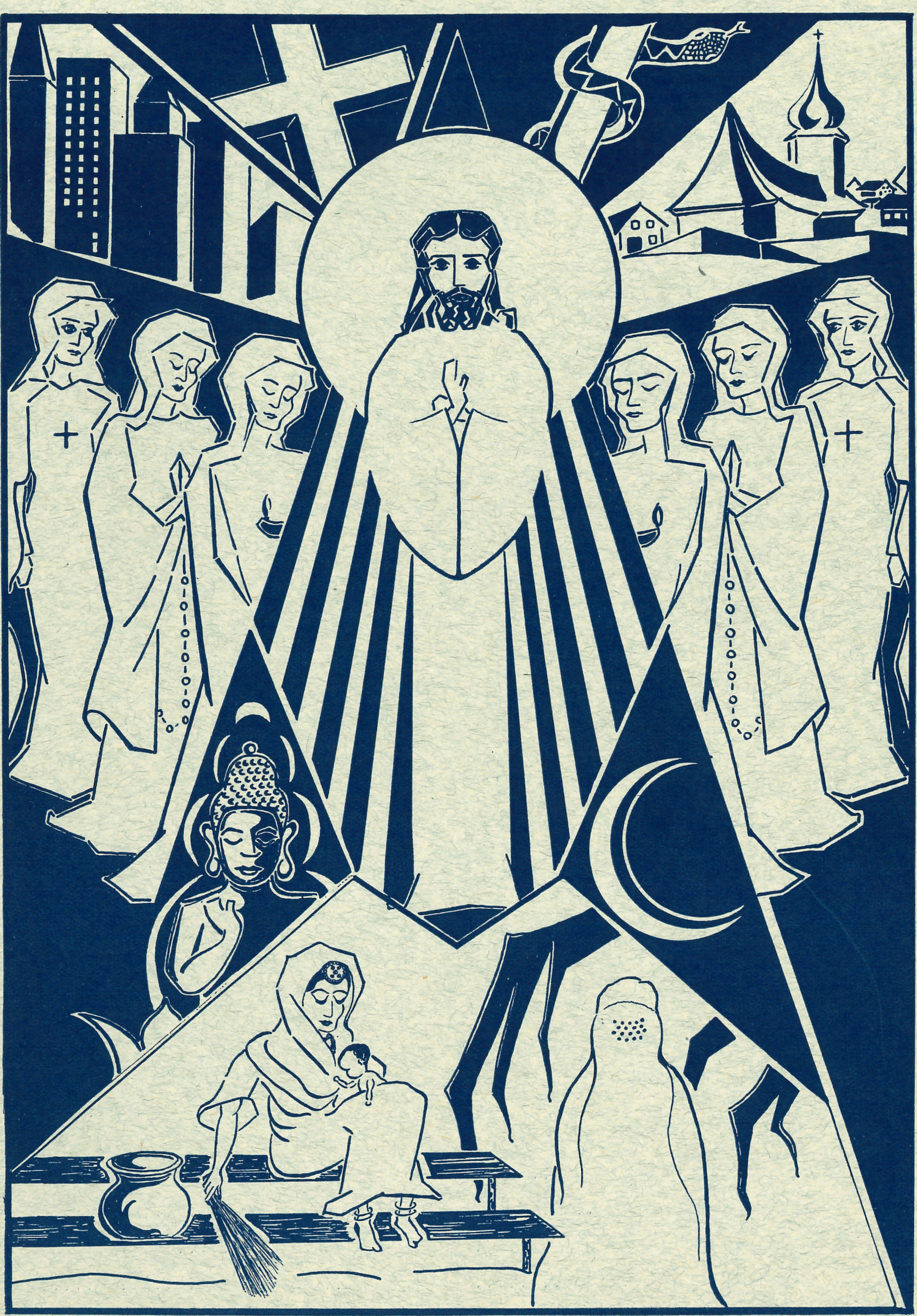
The Medical Missionary



The Divine Physician

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IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

THE VOCATION OF MARY 83

FOR IT IS ONE MAN THAT SOWETH
By SISTER M. FRANCIS PATRICK, S.C.M.M. 84

THE DIVINE PHYSICIAN
By ARCHBISHOP GOODIER, S.J. 86

OUR COVER 87

BAGHWANTI
By SISTER ALMA JULIA, S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T. 88

HIGH SPOTS ON A MISSION CRUISE
By ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D. 89

HOME AND ABROAD 92

MEDICAL MISSION NOTES 96

IN OUR LIBRARY 97

MAY MISSION INTENTION 98

The Vocation of Mary

From eternity and of old, before the earth was made, Mary was in God's plan of the universe. In the history of all human beings, the most sublime vocation was destined and reserved for her on one condition only, that of her acceptance.

For 4000 years after the fatal scene of the serpent's victory in the garden of Eden, the deadly sting of disobedience to God's law was felt by generation after generation, who awaited the promised deliverance with increasing eagerness. In the fullness of time, Mary was granted to aged parents as a child of grace. Being immaculately conceived, the poison of original sin had no hold on her, and all loveliness of body and soul was hers from the first moment of her existence.

At the age of three, she joined the maidens in the temple to show her complete outward and inward surrender to God's service. She followed the law of the race and was betrothed to the virginal Joseph, whose rod had blossomed as a sign of his election.

Mary's days in Nazareth were filled with simple duties; she drew water from the well, ground wheat and barley into coarse flour and kneaded them into bread. She prepared the frugal meal of cheese, butter, dates, dry fruits and herbs. The spinning wheel also claimed her time, but in the tranquility and simplicity of the Nazareth home, there was plenty of time for prayer.

One day, when she was praying to Jehovah, an angelic visitor appeared to her and greeted her, saying: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." The evangelist relates that she was troubled at his saying and thought within herself what manner of salutation this should be. The angel, who perceived her trouble, said to her: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David, his father: and he shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Mary, who could not reconcile this magnificent mission with her vow of chastity, asked how this could be.

The Angel Gabriel, to remove her apprehension, unveiled a part of the mystery of the Incarnation: "The power of the Most High shall overshadow thee," said he, "and the Holy that shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God." Then he continued, "And behold, thy cousin, Elizabeth, hath also conceived a son in her old age, and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren, because no word is impossible with God."

Mary, having shown prudence in asking an explanation of the prodigy of virginal maternity, now showed the most astounding faith and surrender to God's will by her words of consent: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." At these words, the angel disappeared and the Word was made flesh, to dwell among us.

Mary was now the tabernacle of Christ, the Son of God. Very soon after, when visiting her cousin, Elizabeth, she was the cause of joy to St. John the Baptist. In Bethlehem she brought forth the Savior amid praise to God and tidings of peace. She presented the Infant King to shepherds and wise men. She had the joys of a mother. She nourished the Babe and cared for it, delighted in its smile and babble, its growth and development.

She also had the sorrows of a mother—the Child's sorrows were her own. The prophetic words of Simeon pierced her heart like a sword which could not be withdrawn. For thirty long years she simply and hiddenly served Jesus and His foster father, Joseph, then gave up her Son to public life without selfish protest or murmur. She followed Him when and where it was her place; she did not intrude when it was not. At the feast of Cana, she was solicitous for the welfare of the guests, and showed all generations that feasting is in order at the outset of a vocation which is meant to be one of happiness.

Mary met Jesus on the way to Calvary; a mother's love braved shame and wanted to console. Mary stood under the cross of her Son, who in His agony called out to her: "Woman, behold thy son," and then turning to His beloved disciple, said, "Behold thy mother."

These words from His dying lips completed the vocation of Mary, extending her motherhood to all mankind and prolonging it for all time, giving it an infinite capacity of application. The Mother of Christ, our Mother, is the Mother of divine grace, the mirror of justice, the seat of wisdom, the Cause of Our Joy, the gate of heaven, the health of the sick, the refuge of sinners, the comforter of the afflicted, the help of Christians, the Queen of all saints and the Queen of Peace. Her "fiat" contained the germ of endless potentialities and consequences.

During the month of buds and blossoms, let us build a shrine for our heavenly Mother in our home and decorate it with flowers, *Aves*, and deeds of kindness in her honor. No matter under what invocation we greet or appeal to her, she will take us under her motherly care. Above all, may she, the beautiful Queen of Peace, obtain peace for the world as a whole, and for each individual soul in it.

Hail Mary, Queen of May and Peace!

A. D.

For It Is One Man That Soweth - - -

By

SISTER M. FRANCIS PATRICK, S.C.M.M.

When fascinating tales of foreign missions are told today, we almost invariably hear something of the part that the science of medicine is playing in the divine work of the salvation of souls. The Medical Mission Movement is making great steps forward, and as we see it grow and wax stronger every year, it is perhaps well to look back over the past and make the acquaintance of one whom God used in developing this phase of mission work.

Dr. Agnes McLaren

Little did anyone think on July 4, 1837, when Agnes McLaren first saw the light of day in Edinburgh, Scotland, that she was destined to play one of the leading roles in the unfolding of a movement that has already reaped a rich harvest of souls. Her father, Duncan McLaren, a successful merchant, was a staunch Presbyterian, strongly opposed to Catholicism as well as to the Established Church, and all of his children were brought up in accord with the beliefs prevalent in the Presbyterian sect. Her mother, Duncan McLaren's second wife, died when Agnes was only three years old, but her father's third wife, Priscilla Bright, sister of John Bright, one of the prominent liberals engaged in English politics of that day, exerted a tremendous influence on the young girl's life.

Priscilla McLaren was a deeply religious woman although she had no definite dogmas, and since she believed quite sincerely that God could be served as well in one religion as in another, she had no difficulty after her marriage in accepting the tenets of Presbyterianism in place of the Quaker religion in which she had been reared.

All of the McLaren children attended the Presbyterian church. As Agnes grew to womanhood she began to take an active part in helping the poor that abounded in Edinburgh. A good portion of the work for these unfortunates was being done under the direction of a Reverend Mr. Guthrie, a famed temperance advocate and the founder of the Ragged Schools in Edinburgh, and Agnes soon left the Presbyterian church to become a member of his congregation.

Her father was interested in many of the politico-religious movements of his time and his home became a rendezvous for politicians and social workers. It is not surprising, therefore, that Agnes was interested in politics as well as in social service work, and that she became a member of the first committee formed in Great Britain to bring about woman's suffrage.

It was about this time that, under the influence of some of her co-workers on the committee who were studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh, she decided to become a doctor. Just as she was about to apply for admission to the School of Medicine, the university closed its doors to women. Nothing daunted, Agnes made up her mind to go elsewhere if she could but find a school where women would be admitted. Not being successful in her lone quest, she put aside her prejudices against Catholics and sought the advice and help of both Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman. The former suggested Montpellier, where there was a celebrated school of medicine, and gave her a letter of introduction to the Bishop, Monsignor de Cabrières.

Miss McLaren went to France and, although women had not previously been admitted, she was permitted to begin her studies through the influence of Monsignor de Cabrières. Two years later the faculty of the Montpellier School of Medicine awarded her the doctorate—the first woman to be graduated by them. She remained another year at Montpellier, acting as assistant to Doctor Courty, one of the professors. Meantime, since her French degree did not give her the legal right to practice in the British Isles, she took the examinations of the Royal College of Physicians at Dublin—Ireland was the only portion of the United Kingdom which then admitted women to the practice of medicine! Then, armed with both licenses, Dr. McLaren settled down in Cannes, where an English colony had developed. It was a promising field of work which satisfied her inclination to serve others.

During the years away from home, Agnes had lived in a convent or a religious house whenever she found it possible; she had attended Mass every week-day morning, had abstained from meat on Friday, but had always attended the Protestant church on Sunday. She not only had no intention of ever becoming a Catholic, but even had promised herself never to enter the Church, for she had been told that in the Church she would have to give up her freedom of thought and judgment. Then, too, she had met Catholics who, with more zeal than tact, repelled her by their harsh righteousness. She had no real knowledge of Catholic works or the spirit which animated them, she did not conceive of a more worthy end than mere corporal assistance, and so she attributed a greater superiority to Protestant activities, which were admittedly better organized. Interviews at different times with various priests, bishops and cardinals failed to change any of her impressions. However, in God's good time Agnes McLaren was to make her submission to the Church of Rome!

On one occasion, when passing through Lyons, she sought and obtained an interview with the Abbé Perra, a priest known for his holiness and his success as a spiritual director. We do not know why she arranged this interview, but during the course of the conversation she told the Abbé some of her impressions. He tried to dispel her erroneous notions and prejudices, but in vain. As he related later, "We took polite leave of each other and I thought it the end of the matter." But to his surprise, the following year he received a letter from her asking permission to make a retreat under his direction. Wondering at the request, Father Perra, with the permission of his superiors, consented, and we have the strange spectacle of the Protestant Agnes McLaren making her first retreat under the direction of a Catholic priest. Sometimes the question of abjuration came up, but always she rejected it. While she expressed herself well pleased with her instructions and with Abbé Perra's tact, she said she could not for a single moment think of becoming a Catholic. She believed firmly and sincerely in the idea of an invisible Church composed of all true Christians, leaving each one free, according to his nature, age, feelings or needs to go from one side to the other. The consquences of holding such a view apparently did not strike her.

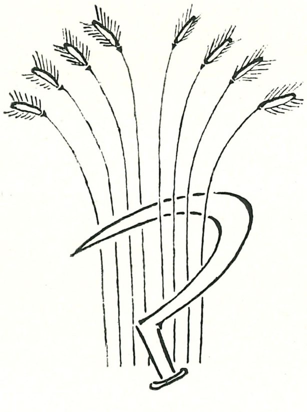
This went on for twenty years. Each year she returned to Lyons and made her retreat under the Abbé Perra's direction. But with the retreat of 1898 came the grace to see, and seeing, to believe—and with Agnes McLaren, to believe was to submit. Accordingly, on November 30, 1898, she made her solemn act of renunciation at Lyons and received conditional baptism.

A few months later she went to Monteferrand to the Dominican Convent of Bethany, where she was confirmed by Monsignor Petit, Archbishop of Besançon, who was a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic. This was the beginning of prolonged relations with Dominican organizations, and in 1900, impressed by their zeal for the spread of truth and their promotion of practical good works, she became a tertiary.

Fired now with a desire to spread a knowledge of the Faith that had been given her so late in life, Dr. McLaren's thoughts turned to the foreign mission field. Many times as a young girl she had heard Presbyterian missionaries, visiting her father's home, tell of the great need of medical care among the women and children of India, and of the appalling loss of life due to neglect, ignorance and poverty. Now that she was a member of the Church, her thoughts turned naturally to the needs of Catholic missions.

She wrote to the superior of the Mill Hill Fathers in England and offered to educate as doctors two women who would go to India and work in the Mill Hill mission in the Punjab. Msgr. Dominic Wagner, who was then Prefect Apostolic of Kashmir and Kafristan, was home for a rest, and thus had the opportunity of meeting

(*Continued on page* 95)



The Divine Physician

By

ARCHBISHOP GOODIER, S.J.

SOMETIMES the words and actions of Our Lord seem to us paradoxical, even contradictory. For instance, when we hear Him saying of the Roman centurion that He had not seen such faith in Israel, and shortly afterwards, to His own twelve apostles: “Why are you so fearful, O ye of little faith?” we may well be inclined to wonder what He meant. For indeed they had shown their faith, even more than had the centurion. They had not disturbed Him while He slept till the last moment; the very form of their request: “Lord, save us, we perish,” showed that they believed and knew that He could save them if He wished; even before the storm they had come on board, and had sailed out at His bidding, though wary fishermen along the coast knew that in doing so they were running some risk.

That there was discrimination of some kind in our Lord’s behavior seems obvious; perhaps we have only to recall some incidents to discover what it was. There was the centurion, a Roman pagan, of whom He said: “I have not yet found such faith in Israel.” There was the Syro-Phoenician woman, again a pagan, to whom He spoke: “O woman, great is thy faith!” There were the several occasions on which we are told that He worked miracles for poor people because He “saw their faith;” for instance, the paralytic let down through the roof at Capharnaum, the leper on the roadside, the woman in the crowd. There was the father of the demoniac at the foot of Thabor, who was asked whether he believed, wanted to believe, wondered whether he believed or not, prayed that he might believe: “Lord, I believe, help my unbelief,” and even for such faith as that was amply rewarded. Last of all, on Calvary, there was one who began with: “This man hath done no evil,” and ended with: “Lord, remember me when Thou shalt enter into thy kingdom;” and that was enough to win for him the greatest reward of faith that any sinful man has ever received in this mortal life.

The sudden death of Archbishop Goodier bereaved many, including our Society, of a good and helpful friend. Only a few weeks ago he sent in the article which appears in this issue, all neatly *written out by hand*—and that at the age of 79!

As far back as 1924, when he was still Archbishop of Bombay, he wrote to me: “We all (meaning mission bishops) would like medical missions, but we have not the trained people, nor the means.”

The tributes to Archbishop Goodier, who filled many posts in many places, could no doubt fill a volume. Father Martindale, S.J., says of him: “Archbishop Goodier was a man who ‘went apart to pray . . .’ but when he came forth from his solitude, no one who met him could forget the words spoken in the gospels: ‘we took note of him, that he had been with Jesus.’ ”

A layman—a publisher—says: “. . . A letter from him reached me on the day he died. I had sought his advice and help as so many others did, and his replies always conveyed that it was he who was grateful for having been consulted . . . his personal gentleness and sympathy will be remembered by everyone who ever met him. . . .”

His seven years as Archbishop of Bombay were difficult, but fruitful in lasting improvements. He resigned in 1926 and spent the last years of his life at St. Scholastica’s Abbey, Teignmouth, England. Our letter of thanks for this last article arrived at the Abbey after his death, and was returned by the Mother Abbess, who wrote that many are saddened by his loss, but that countless souls will continue to be benefited by his writings.

We are glad that our readers can be among the latter. May we ask them to join us in a *Pater* and an *Ave* for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

And yet, with another class of men, how differently He spoke! In the midst of the storm, the disciples had reason to be frightened. Yet they had “left all and followed Him,” without miracles to win them, which was a substantial act of faith. They had been set apart by Him, for this event took place some time later, which had showed them He in return put faith in them. On this occasion, they had waited till the last moment, while they had labored they had let Him sleep on. And yet, in the words of St. Mark, after He had calmed the storm, instead of praising their faith He had said: “Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?” Later it was to Peter, almost on this same place on the lake, to whom He spoke the words: “O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?” Yet surely he had shown much faith in stepping on the water. Again after the Resurrection, on Easter Sunday evening, He came to them and said: “Why are you fearful? And why these doubts in your minds?”

When we contrast the two classes and the two sets of words, the answer to the paradox seems evident: Jesus had not the same standard for everyone. From the poor and ignorant He was content with that simple faith, whatever it might ultimately reach, which for the moment knew Him and accepted Him as well as it could know Him, trusted Him utterly to work wonders of healing for it, willing to go further if it were only shown the way, as with the poor blind man, healed in the streets of Jerusalem: ''Dost thou believe in the Son of God?—Who is he, Lord, that I may believe in Him?'' For such simple faith, however limited, miracles of healing were poured out in abundance: ''He healed them every one,'' says the physician, St. Luke.

But for His disciples He had another standard. Miracles of healing were familiar daily occurrences to them; He even gave them the power to work miracles themselves. But the faith that comes of miracles, or is rewarded by miracles, was not enough for them; He wanted much more. He wanted the faith that would brave storms with Him, that would walk upon the waves at His command, that would go with Him to Calvary, and then would receive Him gladly when He came again to them from the grave.

For such as those the Heart of Jesus is never satisfied. For others whom He has left with little light, though enough, His standard is that faith and trust which miracles can reward; from these He is always asking more. He demands faith, and yet more faith, till at last they cry out: ''Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!'' He demands trust and yet more trust, till they exclaim: ''Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!'' He demands love and yet more love, till they plead to Him: ''Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee!''

It is to these that He turns, both to bestow on them other miracles than those of bodily healing, and to entrust to them the work He has most dearly at heart. He sets aside their shortcomings—He gives them Himself! He makes them one with Himself in the sight of the Father, He bids them feed His lambs and His sheep, He sends them into the whole world to preach His good tidings to every creature, He gives them that miraculous gift which makes them ''rejoice that they are accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Christ.''

We who, by His grace, are conscious that He wants us to help Him, must not be surprised if He always is asking from us ever more faith, and trust, and love. Through our hands He may even work miracles of healing for the poor and suffering whom He entrusts to our hands, and for us He may seem to do nothing. He may be pleased with their faith and reward it, and us He may leave hungering and dry. But let us not mistake Him; all the time that very hungering is the one proof that He is with us, that He heals us so that we are always clean and holy in His sight; that He so feeds us with Himself that we live, now not we, but He lives and works in us and through us. He does not give us less, He gives us much more! He not only heals the soul, but He transforms it, raising it to ever more faith and trust and love, till the very sordid things of life become precious in our sight, because we see them with His eyes, and love them with His heart.

Our Cover

This month our cover is designed in mural style. In the center, dominating the whole, stands Christ, the Divine Physician. Above Him is the triangle, symbol of the Trinity, with the mission cross to the left and the medical caducius to the right. Medical Missionaries are recruited from everywhere—cities and villages, represented in the upper left and right corners, respectively. The figures on each side of Christ embody the qualities required in the Medical Mission Apostolate: The one nearest to the Divine Physician bears the lamp of virginity; next to her is the spirit of prayer; and behind her, the spirit of zeal, characterized by love of the cross. The work of the Society in India brings its members into contact with Hinduism and Mohammedanism; especially with the women of these sects, typified in the sweeper-woman in the lower left, and the burkah-covered Mohammedan wife in the lower right.

Baghwanti

By

Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., M.T., Ph.G.

"Baghwanti is dead!"

I was new to India, new to the hospital, and the Sisters were very kind about showing me around and keeping me informed. Baghwanti was the first patient whose pathetic history impressed upon my mind that I was in India and not in the States. I had been praying that she would "pull through"—and now, Baghwanti was dead! Not that I was surprised. Her recovery would have taken something close to a miracle. But I was slightly disappointed; somehow or other, I had half expected that miracle.

"That is her oldest son, standing there by the desk."

I looked in the direction of Sister's nod and saw a lad about eleven years of age, standing between the doorway and the desk, waiting, as I learned later, for the receipt to Baghwanti's bill which he had just paid. He was slim, straight—a real Sikh in form and dress. The Sikhs are of lighter color and have finer features than most of their countrymen. They do not cut their hair, and this lad had his long, silky tresses, which might be the envy of any girl, combed straight back and tied out of the way in a tight knob on the top of his head. He stood patient, serious, strangely different from any American boy of the same age whom I could imagine that had just lost his mother.

The five hundred thousand Baghwanti's . . .

Baghwanti had been brought in from a village twenty or thirty miles away—no one seemed to know just how far. If only they had brought her to the hospital in time! If only they had not interfered! But when Baghwanti was finally brought by lorry that long, torturous way, she was already hemorrhaging dangerously. Yet it was not the fault of Baghwanti or of her husband alone. They had sought out the best their village could offer them. It was the fault of the lack of medical knowledge which exists in the Indian villages, and even in the Indian towns and cities.

"They have come to take her away. I think they are going to prepare her for the funeral pyre right here. Come and see."

So I walked into the ward. There were four beds, but all were empty. In the center of the room the lifeless form of Baghwanti was stretched out on a low charpoy, brought from the distant village or bought or hired here in the city. The relatives had spread a comforter over the top of the simple pall, covering the body completely. At least a dozen people stood by, but all were strangely quiet. A tall Sikh was handing Sister Bernadette an armful of marigold garlands—thirty or forty at least. She and the native sister began to drape them all over the improvised bier.

"That is the husband," the native sister said to me, nodding toward the man who had brought the marigolds and who was now talking to different members of the group. "He is making arrangements for the funeral."

"Here, help me if you like," said Sister Bernadette, and thrust a dozen garlands into my hands. I draped them about the foot of the bier as I saw them doing.

"Thank you," Baghwanti's husband said to us in English. Then he turned to the group, which was increasing in numbers, and made a sort of speech.

"He is telling them," the native sister said, "that they are not to make a commotion until they get out of the hospital grounds."

An old woman came over to me and began to address me, tears running down her cheeks. She was explaining something.

"She is saying," the native sister interpreted, "that there are six little children left, and who will take care of them? She will probably have to do so. She is the husband's mother."

I could not offer my sympathy to the woman, not knowing the language, but as I was unable to keep the tears from running down my cheeks, she must have understood that I was really grieved. The husband seemed to be reciting some kind of a prayer now, as they all stood silent and bent their heads.

"Thank you," he said to me once more. Whether he meant for the help in spreading the flowers or for the tears, I do not know! What he could not have understood was that my tears were not only for his wife, his six motherless children and his aged mother who was worrying as to how she would ever manage, but also for the fifty or five hundred thousand Baghwantis who die needlessly each year because of ignorance or superstition or lack of care.

High Spots On A Mission Cruise

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

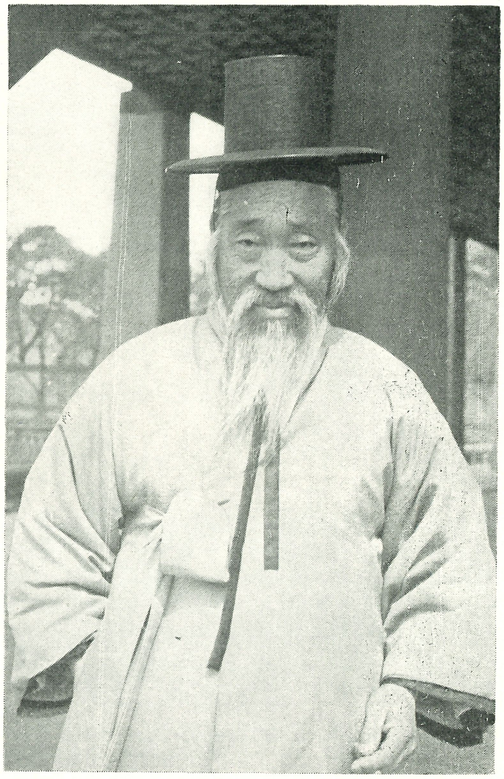
Korea

On Easter Sunday morning we sailed into Tchemulpo, one of the main harbors of the erstwhile Hermit Kingdom. The rising sun spread its glow over sky and water. The bay was literally a mirror. There was perfect stillness above and below—"Land of Morning Calm," the Koreans call their country. This characteristic of nature seems to belong to them also—we noticed a serene dignity in the people we saw and met.

That we were in a new land was evident to us at once from the strange sight of stout figures of white-clad men, wearing pill-box hats of horsehair which were tied under the chin with a black ribbon. As we drove along to Seoul, we noticed the grass-thatched country houses. The landscape was pretty and soft. We were told that three-fourths of Korea is covered with mountains or woods, making it truly a country of scenic beauty. It is about as large as the states of New York and Pennsylvania combined, and has twelve million people. They are mostly farmers and grow cotton, rice and fruit. Since 1892, when the last hour struck for their isolation, it has been progressively modernized and is now criss-crossed by railways, which would have made it easy for us to go from coast to coast.

Time, however, did not permit us to go beyond Seoul. We arrived there just in time for 10 o'clock Mass, and the Cathedral, in its Easter garb, was a welcome sight. There was the same ceremonial, the same solemnity as hundreds of miles away—it made us feel at home! The congregation was a sight to behold: to the right, the bearded men, young and old, with their horsehair hats gaily perched on their heads; to the left, the women and girls in skirts, little jackets and white veils which made them look like novices in a convent. The chant was Gregorian, much to our delight. Every inch of the edifice seemed to be occupied, and after Mass there was a never-ending flow of people streaming out from it. After observing the crowds of faithful, we called on the Bishop, who belonged to the Paris Foreign Mission Society, and on the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, who conduct a large school near the Cathedral. In the latter place we had an opportunity to see many Korean girls—pretty and refined, and modestly cheerful. The Sisters were just then contemplating the building of a hospital.

On our tour through the quaint city, we noticed the mixture of old Asiatic and modern architecture, the spacious, one-storied, hall-like structures of the old Korean palaces in close proximity to luxurious stone buildings of western style. In a very simple open hall we chanced on a Shinto service. There were no idols or furniture, only a round mirror as symbol of the sun. A Japanese priest in a wide, white tunic and black silk skull cap, presided, equipped with a horsehair whip which he passed several times over the heads of children who filed past him with folded hands bowing profoundly. Horsehair is supposed to be a guarantee of good luck.



. . . "pill-box hats of horsehair" . . .

Services for men were held in a neighboring temple. The Japanese flag, with the emblem of the red sun on a white field, was fluttering in the breeze and a man in civilian clothes gave the conference. We asked about the meaning, but could not get a satisfactory reply. Orientals often think that we cannot understand their customs, and therefore are evasive in their answers.

Koreans have been Buddhists for hundreds of years, but since the annexation by Japan in 1910, Shintoism has made its entry, too. As far as Christianity is concerned, the Koreans are unique in that they themselves were the first apostles to their country. The introduction of the Catholic faith into Korea is interesting and touching, but too long to relate here. She has had her martyrs, too, who, as elsewhere, have been the seed of new growth. Easter Sunday was ample proof to us.

Our fellow passengers went curio hunting in all directions, and bought brassware engraved with symbols of long life, good luck and prosperity. Some acquired Korean chests with ornamented hand-beaten brass hinges, to store "the loot," gathered here and there on the cruise, which was now nearing its end—at least, on the Oriental side.

She must know how to arrange a graceful spray

Favorably impressed by land and people, we cast a last glance over the hill-rimmed capital. The Cathedral remained in view longest, but finally it, too, disappeared. However, the memory of that Easter Mass within its walls will never vanish. It was a demonstration of the unity and the growth and the eternal youthfulness of the Church. It deepened the conviction of the worthwhileness of leaving home and country to extend the Kingdom of the children of God.

Japan

Goodbye, Korea! One day at sea and we were in Beppu, the Karlsbad of Japan. Spring had come, and cherry blossoms greeted us on all sides. Cars were in readiness to show us a typical nook of Japan—the country estate of Mr. Aso, a big industrialist. It was a paradise of shaded paths and graceful trees: Everywhere camelias, azaleas and other flowering shrubs were in blossom; stream, waterfall and bridge—all complete; and on the lovely lawn tables and chairs were arranged in groups. Mrs. Aso and her daughter presided with simplicity and grace. Vitamin-rich green tea and flavorless rice cakes, the standard refreshments for such occasions, were in readiness for us. Mrs. Aso even obliged the autograph hunters by brushing her name neatly on a painted souvenir card, and explained patiently the two methods of writing, one the Chinese style, the other, the modified Japanese which is based on forty-eight ideograms representing syllables.

A young man, apparently a member of the family, was our guide through the house, which, although not large, was a perfect sample of a Japanese home. We were bowingly invited to put on the slippers in readiness, as the *tatamis,* the thick rice-mat carpets of Japan, could not stand such wear and tear of cleaning as our floors. Besides that, there is a saving of labor.

The framework of the house was wood. It was divided into rooms by sliding doors and artistically painted paper screens. In one corner we admired dainty shelves with a few ornaments and a vase with a graceful spray. Our guide emphasized the point that young ladies are expected to learn the arrangement and treatment of flowers, which is not so simple. The cut plant is first burnt and then treated with salt, vinegar and alum in order to prolong its life. Then it is cut, twisted, bent and finally arranged so that every tiny part of it conveys a symbolic message. The fundamental principles followed in the arrangement of flowers are heaven, earth and man. Flower arrangement is considered by the Japanese as a necessary means for cultivating a peaceful frame of mind.

Another novel feature of the house was the bed, which was on the floor. There was a wooden support for the head, constructed with a view of holding the head in such a position that the elaborate coiffure would not suffer. The comforter was a thickly padded kimono with sleeves, so that the arms could be slipped into it also. Bed and bedding can be rolled up easily, so that the room can serve another purpose during the day. The bathroom was elegant, with two sunk-in marble tubs and a natural hot water supply reminding us that we were not far from Beppu, "the hot spring city," which was next on our program.

Beppu has facilities for baths in the sea, in the hot sand on the shore, in hot water or in steam. We visited one of the mudbaths. Rows and rows of women lay buried up to the neck in hot mud, only the region of the heart being left uncovered. That Beppu was a holiday maker's Eldorado was easily seen from the bazaar which abounded in knicknacks, curios and especially toys that appeal to children's hearts. Besides wooden novelties, celluloid was much in vogue since camphor trees are plentiful in the country.

We called at the Catholic rectory and found a middle-aged Salesian Father, who made us do some mountain climbing to the orphanage of the Salesian Sisters. They dressed their little charges—forty chubby-faced boys and girls—in their Sunday best, and also treated us with a demonstration of how to strap a baby on the back, *à la* Japanese!

On our return we passed some poor quarters. The priest told us that the people are very crowded and also that they worked very hard, with long hours and low wages. This explains why the Japanese can produce so much and so cheaply. Their aim is to produce at all cost; their motto for a long time has been: The nation must be founded on industry.

The Inland Sea

The fact that Japan is a mountainous country, and that only one-fifth of its area can be cultivated profitably for food, has driven her to industrialization. Japan has about the same population as Germany (sixty-eight million), but Germany has five times more arable land. The population in the arable section of Japan is 1,120 per square kilometer, while that of Belgium, one of the most thickly populated countries of the world, is only 640 for the same area. The average farmer in Japan has only 0.9 acre for cultivation, while in France he has about 6 acres. In 1890, ninety-two per cent of the people were still engaged in agriculture; in 1930, only forty-nine per cent.

Myajima

The Japanese Empire consists of four main islands, and a great number of small ones. One of the latter, although only nineteen miles in circumference, is of great importance on account of its religious significance. It is the Sacred Island of Myajima, which we visited.

Crimson torii jut out into the sea as if to stand sentinel. The main shrine is built on supports surrounded by water, and at high tide the temple itself seems to be afloat. Bronze and stone lanterns in profusion adorn the park and shore walks. On feast days, they are lighted—the effect must be softly solemn, amid the stately pine trees and the reflections in the water.

In the bazaar we noticed unfamiliar objects which looked like miniature ping-pong paddles. In reality they were rice paddles, which are stacked in the Hall of a Thousand Mats as votive gifts!

We enjoyed the pleasant walks and views of the island and the tame deer that sauntered about freely. We admired, too, at leisure the hairdress and costumes of Japanese women, and listened to the clap-clap of their shoes. It was easy to understand later why the people in the big cities were forced to adopt the more practical western styles for business and school, and why, on the other hand, they retain for all other purposes, their traditional dress; customs, art, trade and their very character are tied up with it.

The Inland Sea

As far as scenic beauty is concerned, one of the super-treats of the cruise was now in store for us. We were due to enter the Inland Sea.

We sailed along between the islands of Hondo and Shikoku, most of the time in view of wooded mountains, velvety patches of growing rice, picturesque indentations of the coast line, little farms here and there, and even a villa-mansion of some *grandee*. The Sea itself was dotted with fishing craft and freight boats. In the dusk the blinking lighthouses, perched in the most unexpected places, and the electric illumination on the shore added their quota of charm. Everything appeared so artistic. A painted replica could never do it justice, and yet it was all very much like a picture—so fine, so compact, so perfect!

Our destination was Kobe, from which a dense network of trains goes in all directions, this being the most thickly populated area and the most intensively industrialized section of Japan.

at home Medical Mission Sisters and abroad

Washington

Address: Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Washington, D. C.

Queen of the Angels—

Like children scattering flowers in Corpus Christi procession, the thirty days of April have tripped by, leaving in their wake a carpet of petals: a royal preparation for the coming of a Great Lady, the Queen of the May! First there were the pink of the peach blossoms and the confetti-fineness of the plum; then the pear, firm and waxy white, and after that the more fragile but not less white cherry; and finally the delicately tinted apple, opening up "every one according to its season and its kind." Now there is a host of green and flowering things around the Medical Mission House gardens—with such a setting, it is no wonder that we feel Our Lady is with us in a special way during this, her month.

May at the Medical Mission House

Perhaps you have no garden. Perhaps you live alone, or with strangers. Perhaps you work at night and have no time to see the loveliness of growing things. Then may we not invite you to share our May-time joy? Each evening at seven o'clock we gather outdoors and sing a hymn to Our Lady. There are two shrines, the little grotto in front of the house where the professed sisters gather, and a small altar in the pear tree which serves as rendezvous for the novices. Everything is new and fresh and young, and it is not hard to find ourselves really children gathered around our Mother in the garden. Spontaneously, we tell her our troubles, we bring her the little sprigs of our joys, we thank her, sometimes without saying a word, and very simply we ask her to send more children into the garden.

So you see, it is not so difficult to catch the spirit of May. Wherever you are, you have only to listen a little until you hear the clock strike seven, shut your eyes and see a small, simple statue of Mary standing in the midst of violets and daisies and dogwood, and then sing with us—even if you do not move your lips or make a sound: "Queen of the angels, Queen of the May!"

Holidays

Or we might say, "Busy Days!" Catholic organizations all over the country are taking advantage of the Catholic University's Jubilee Year to make it the scene of their meetings and activities. During the Easter vacation librarians, educators and anthropologists held sessions in the various buildings. And since missionaries have set themselves in a special way to "become all things to all men," our sisters attended a number of the sessions. The Medical Missionaries also were represented at the regional meeting of the Catholic Art Association held in Notre Dame College of Baltimore during April.

A Tale Is Told!

Once upon a time there were two Sisters who started out to be nurses. They were accustomed to being kept very, very busy, but when they went to work in the hospital, there did not seem to be much to do. One of the Sisters went to the supervisor.

"Sister," she said, "I have a lot of free time. I want more work to do."

Sister smiled. "Just be patient, Sister," she replied. "You will get it."

She did.

Sister M. Theophane and Sister M. Michael, who are in training at Providence Hospital in Washington, have now been "capped"—theoretically, not literally!—and are so busy with floor duty, classes and study that it is only by dexterous manipulation of minutes that they get home for a few hours now and then! They did manage to squeeze in an "Easter holiday," coming home on Saturday afternoon with the jubilant news that "they were off until 1 o'clock the next day!"

Egg-zactly the Thing for Easter!

On a junior-size bit of stationery with a lovely blue humpty-dumpty sitting at the top, this carefully penned letter appeared in our mail box: "We, the Prelim Class, send you these two dollars for the Medical Missions. It is nice to help the missions. We hope these little boys will have a happy Easter. We all know that we are going to have a happy Easter, and we like to think they are happy, too. . . . We didn't give the money just so we can get rewarded but we just wanted to help the boys. May every one have a happy Easter." (Signed) The Prelim Class, Marycliff Academy, Arlington, Mass.

Philadelphia

Address: Medical Mission Sisters
Fox Chase
Philadelphia, Pa.

Frontier Facts!

The work of preparing the "new motherhouse" for the reception of the "family" in the fall is going steadily on under the watchful eyes of our two pioneers, Sister M. Anthony and Sister John Mary, and their possessions continue to increase and multiply. Some weeks ago the family was augmented by twelve "laying hens," accompanied by four dozen eggs, whether as samples or incentives we do not know. Contrary to the predictions of the donor, the feathered ladies settled down in their new home at once with all the complacency of a group of tabby cats, and the next day cackled the news that there were eight more eggs in the world!

Rabbits and Rare-bits!

Old Bre'r Rabbit had no trouble at all in finding us at our new address. He also seemed to have noticed that our newly acquired family was doing splendidly in providing us with eggs and so he varied his fare a bit. What would you say if the Bunny brought you a complete chicken dinner with all the trimmings, from the well-known soup to the welcome nuts! We said "Thank you"—and enjoyed it! There were many other gifts, too, and we gave them all the same treatment!

In Memoriam

Have you noticed that the sanctuary lamp has been taken off of our list? The first of the month brought a letter all the way from California with the first instalment towards its purchase and a note to say that it would be given in memory of the late Holy Father, Pius XI. That is thoughtful, and appropriate, and altogether rather splendid, is it not?

Dacca

Address: Mitford Municipal Hospital
Dacca, Bengal, India

More Teamwork!

Sister Thomas writes from Narindia Center in Dacca: "A few weeks ago a thief entered our premises and walked away with several glass vases—they were of little value, but we felt a bit uncomfortable. During the night he—or they—returned, broke the lock on the kitchen door and cast it aside, but evidently became frightened as nothing was missing from the cook-house.

"We notified the police, and a member of the force was sent to guard the house by day and by night. Really, it was amusing! At night our faithful watchman sat on the verandah just beneath our window and sang and yawned until the wee sma' hours! Then every so often some of his "friends" would come around to talk things over with him, very confidentially, of course. Only, as most of the conversation had to be carried on from the near-by lamp post, slumber became a trifle difficult. For a week or so I practiced patience, but finally I was obliged to *chup* (hush) them several times.

"I'm not sure whether he was waiting to catch the thief or singing to keep him away. At any rate, willy nilly, we were also practically on the 'service' since it was impossible to sleep. Finally the men were asked to keep guard from some other verandah! It's a strange place!"

Rawalpindi

Address: Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, India

Militant Night Duty

Night duty in a mission hospital may mean much more than simply sitting at a desk and waiting for bells to ring or little red lights to flash on. Sister Virginia writes: "Just now a raid is being made on stray dogs and cats in the hospital compound, and we of the night brigade are on the front lines of the offensive. I always said that I would never kill a dog, but these mangy creatures are so miserable, that it seems the kindest thing you could do. They would only starve, anyway.

S.O.S. and P.D.Q.!

"The other day we put out another piece of meat with strychnine. I went on duty at 7:30 p. m., and about 8:30 Sister Ann came over in a great hurry for morphine for Mickey! Mickey is the chaplain's dog, and quite the apple of his eye. My heart went down to my shoes! Of course, he had gotten some of the doctored meat. Father had found him on the porch having convulsions.

"Well, we put him in Room 21, and Sisters Margaret Mary, Ann and I gave him a stomach lavage. Then the other two went and left me to "special" the case. At 11 p. m. I went in to find Micky on his back with his four feet in the air. Sister Bernadette and I got busy at once, gave him a quarter of M.S. of the Haustus zVI. Then at 1:30 we gave him another quarter of M.S. and after that he went to sleep. The next time we went in he was very quiet. When we called his name, he raised his head and looked around. I felt like shouting. This morning at 8 a. m. he walked out of the room and ran down to Father's house. He will have nothing to do with us just now, but he will come back. As for me, I have gone back to my old resolution: If they want any more dogs killed, some one else will have to do it!"

Martyrs of Mutual Consent

"Yesterday (March 25) was our Big Feast Day," writes Sister Pauline, "and we were all ready to get an early start for our traditional picnic. But—Doctor had to operate first. It was an acute appendix case that had been in Hospital for several days.

"Don't think that in India an operation can be performed as soon as it is decided that the operation is necessary! Take this case for example. The man's wife has been a patient here for the past month or more. About a week ago she decided she wanted to go home, so sent her husband a telegram to Lahore. He rushed to Pindi at once and was practically knocking down the gate at 4:30 the next morning! He persuaded his wife to remain in the hospital, promising to stay a few days, and then proceeded to develop symptoms of appendicitis. It was his fifth attack, and a blood count at 5 p. m. showed a very serious condition. Doctor advised an operation, and after a while he consented, but when everything was ready and the operation was scheduled for 8:30, his wife refused to allow it! During the night, however, she went into his room and seeing him still in intense pain, gave her consent for the operation the following morning. Very early he gave his written consent, but once more, when all was ready, he decided his wife should sign, too, and that he should make his will!! So at last he was taken into the operating room. Now he is just fine and proudly displaying his appendix, lodged in a jar, to his awed and interested visitors!

Up in the Hills

"As for the picnic, it was an entire success despite the delay. The bus took us seventeen miles up into the Murree hills, and we found a beautiful spot beside a lovely stream that bubbled its way over huge rocks and nestled in between little mountains, rising one above the other on all sides. Our picnic lunch was spread on the banks of the stream, and soon a fire was burning and the aroma of coffee filled the air. Some of the Sisters went mountain climbing, others found the big boulders in the middle of the stream more comfortable, while still others picked out little nooks on high peaks and settled down to read. We had field glasses, and it was fun to see a little speck way off in the distance, focus on it and discover a little mud house with women making *chapaties* and children playing about, or perhaps some long-haired goats with a little boy perched on a near-by rock, watching them.

"Soon a figure with flying *pugri* (turban) was seen coming around the hill. It was the *zamindar* (chief and landowner) from a near-by village of about five thousand people who had come to visit us and, with true Eastern hospitality, to ask if he could be of any service to us. He was from *Phul Gaon* (the Village of Flowers), and his wife had had an operation in our hospital three years ago. Just two months previously his little boy had recovered from a severe attack of typhoid, and he said the entire village was most grateful.

"All too soon the day began to wane, and we were on our way home, and with Benediction, our Feast Day was brought to a close."

"And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be but one fold and one shepherd?"

Those words have made the Church's great missionaries. Saint Paul heard them, and Saint Francis Xavier, and in our own days thousands of young men and women who have left home and all things to help the Good Shepherd to bring all His sheep into the fold. But have *we* heard them? Do we go through life as though they had never been uttered? In spite of a growing interest in the foreign missions, it must be sadly confessed that we Catholics in the United States are not yet, in the phrase of the day, "missionary-minded."

To only a few is given the vocation to work with Our Lord directly as home or foreign missionaries. Yet all of us are called to be Christ-like, and like our Good Shepherd, must be zealous for the sheep who wander outside the fold. We can show this zeal by praying for all missionaries, and by taking a practical interest in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and in similar organizations to help the foreign missions. As for the home missions, everyone of us can try to bring the wandering sheep into the fold by giving them the example of a truly Catholic life. Our tongues may stammer, but our lives can be eloquent.—*America,* April 22, 1939.

FOR IT IS ONE MAN . . .

(*Continued from page* 85)

Dr. McLaren and discussing with her the medical needs of his particular mission, and his own desire for a hospital and dispensary in order to reach the otherwise unreachable women of India.

The result of their conferences was that Dr. McLaren formed a committee in London for the purpose of giving financial help to the mission, and Msgr. Wagner undertook to build a hospital, dedicated to St. Catherine of Genoa. Dr. McLaren engaged a woman doctor, and in 1908 the hospital and dispensary were officially opened. However, conditions soon necessitated the closing of the dispensary and shortly afterwards the doctor in charge left the mission. It was then that Dr. McLaren, at the age of 72, journeyed to India to consult with Msgr. Wagner. Both were firmly convinced that the work would be a success only in the hands of religious.

Armed with the approval of six mission bishops—two Italian, one French, two Dutch and one Irish—she turned her steps toward Rome to seek permission from the Holy See for nuns to study medicine and place their profession at the service of India's millions of suffering women and children. En route she interviewed superiors of various religious orders to ask if they would permit their subjects to undertake the work. As was to be expected, her request met with various receptions. Some were horrified at the very idea of nuns entering the field of medicine; others called it nothing but the fancy of an old woman; some praised the end but "had not suitable subjects for the work;" and only one agreed to enter the field if Rome would give permission. She was successful, however, in obtaining the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary to take over the nursing care in St. Catherine's Hospital.

In Rome, Dr. McLaren appealed on every side—to Cardinals, to the Master General and the Procurator of the Dominican Order, and even to His Holiness. All of her petitions were received in a friendly manner, but they led to nothing. Five times she went to Rome and laid her petition before the authorities. Her idea remained buried in the earth, as a seed destined one day to spring forth in bloom in the time and in the manner ordained by God.

Returning to France, Dr. McLaren went to Antibes, a quiet spot where she could rest. Not having received Rome's permission for religious to take up the study of medicine, she once more sought Catholic young women who would become doctors in order to care for the sick and suffering women and children of India.

In 1913, Dr. McLaren found a response in Miss Anna Dengel, of the Austrian Tyrol. As Sir Bertram Windle, President of Cork University, showed an interest in Dr. McLaren's efforts to provide women doctors for the women of the missions, and as it was advantageous for practice in India to have a British degree, Dr. McLaren advised the young Tyrolese recruit to study medicine in Cork. Before arrangements could be completed, however, and even before Miss Dengel left her home, Dr. McLaren died, on April 17, 1913, at the age of 75, without seeing the fulfillment of her dream. She sowed, and others reap. . . .

Dr. Dengel, after completing her course at the University of Cork, went to India, where she took charge of St. Catherine's Hospital, the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary still acting as nurses. After the foundation of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries in 1925, St. Catherine's Hospital was turned into a mission school and the Holy Family Hospital was built. It was immediately staffed by Sisters of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, as the community's first foundation in the missions. It was not, however, until February 11, 1936, that the seed which Dr. McLaren had sown in Rome bore fruit. On that date the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide issued an Instruction, urging religious to study medicine for the purpose of assisting mothers and children in mission lands.

Medical Mission Notes

China

The first seven Sisters of the Chinese Congregation of Our Lady of Purgatory at Sienhsien, Hopeh Province, took their perpetual vows on January 25. The new Community was launched in 1932. Its members are to devote themselves to teaching and to the care of orphans and the sick. Several of the Sisters are taking a course in medicine. It is interesting to note that 63 per cent of the 6,000 Sisters at work in China are Chinese, and that nearly three-fourths of all Chinese nuns are in self-governing Chinese Congregations.—Fu Jen, March 1939.

* * *

India

In St. Martha's Hospital, Bangalore, Sister Anne Augustine recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of her religious profession. Before her entrance into religion her name was Sultane Bee. At the age of 15, after both her parents had died of cholera, she was confided to the care of the Sisters of a convent in South India. In 1884 she asked to become a Christian, and received the name of "Christine" at her baptism. She made her first communion and was confirmed at the Convent of the Good Shepherd in Bangalore, and after some time asked to be admitted into the novitiate of the Sisters of Sainte Anne, a diocesan order founded by Mother Mary of St. Therese. This community of native nuns, under the direction of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, now numbers about 150 members, who work in the different Good Shepherd convents throughout India and Burma. Many are teachers in parochial schools while others spend their time in working in hospitals and dispensaries.

In 1886 the Sisters of the Good Shepherd opened St. Martha's Hospital in Bangalore, and Sister Anne Augustine was chosen as one of the pioneers. The hospital contains 130 beds. Besides the buildings where native men, women and children of all castes and religions and various nationalities, receive gratuitous treatment, there are accommodations for paying patients and also a building for sick priests and religious.

The Sisters are fortunate in having two doctors in their community. One of them was the first woman-student of the University of Bombay. She entered the order in 1892. Many of the other Sisters are nurses. In 1933 a school of nursing was opened. It was recognized by the Government and gave many religious from India and Burma an opportunity for excellent training.

As everyone knows, the first aim of the Congregation of the Good Shepherd is not to take care of the sick but to help delinquent women and girls. In the missions, however, one must adapt oneself to the needs, and because there was no hospital in India around 1886 and the need was very great, the Congregation tried to meet it by founding St. Martha's.—Les Missions Catholiques, March 16, 1939.

* * *

The abstract from the Burma Report . . . is certainly of a startling nature. If among the thirteen million inhabitants of Burma there are 200,000 lepers, a percentage of more than one and a half, then the situation is a serious one. In an article appearing in *Leprosy in India* (October, 1938) Dr. Lowe, discussing the question, concludes: "Thus it appears that the lack of resistance to leprosy of Burmans is racial and hereditary." Seventy-five per cent of Burmans in Rangoon Leper Asylum were found to be of the lepromatous type, while only thirty-nine per cent of the Indians were of this severe type.

Dr. Oberdorffer . . . puts forward the suggestion that this difference in racial susceptibility is dietary and that sapotoxins from aroideal food (plants like colocasia) damage the adrenals, thus proving the deciding factor in racial susceptibility. This suggestion is certainly one that deserves consideration and further investigation by leprologists and others throughout the world. In connection with racial immunity Dr. Flandin's speech quoted from the *Lancet* and the short paragraph about leprosy among white peoples in Australia, show that leprosy is not yet an obsolete problem even in Europe and among Europeans. — Leprosy Review, April, 1939.

* * *

Dr. Rotberg's article . . . opens up interesting speculations. If his hypothesis is confirmed, that the majority of people are born with a definite "N factor" which renders them immune to leprosy, or at least to its lepromatous and infectious form, then methods of prophylaxis will call for revision. The most effective control of leprosy would then be through finding out and concentrating on the minority in endemic areas who are proved by the lepromin test to be susceptible to leprosy. To prove or disprove Rotberg's hypothesis considerable further investigation would have to be carried out, both in endemic and non-endemic countries, the lepromin test forming the basis of the investigation." —Leprosy Review, April, 1939.

In Our Library

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The Meaning of Lourdes, *by Dom Francis Izard, O.S.B. Sands & Co. London,* 1939. 174 *pp.* 5*s.*

"One great meaning of Lourdes, then, has been its witness for the miraculous." And to prove the miraculousness of the cures at Lourdes is the purpose of this intensely interesting volume from the pen of a Benedictine monk who is likewise a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians.

Dom Francis has chosen some cases recorded by the Medical Bureau at Lourdes and shown clearly that the cures were outside the laws of nature. Many of the patients Dom Francis himself examined during his visits to Lourdes at the pilgrimage season. Intermingled with the physical cures which Our Lady of Lourdes obtained, the author records some of the spiritual cures effected—the miracles of grace performed at Our Lady's shrine. These spiritual cures are, after all, the real reason for Lourdes, and were there no physical healing Lourdes would still be a favored shrine of Our Lady. Many who come seeking a cure resent their illness, and are utterly unresigned to God's will. They may leave without the physical cure, but—miracle of grace!—they go away with complete resignation accepting their sufferings and afflictions joyfully in union with the sufferings of Christ and His Blessed Mother. This change in attitude toward suffering, this willing submission to God's will, is the greatest of all the miracles performed at Lourdes.

The decisions that make or break a young person take place interiorly, in the will. In the secrecy of our hearts we decide whether or not to take God's will as our supreme rule. If we firmly decide to abide by His will, then we gradually acquire strength of character.—RUSSELL, *Christ the Leader.*

As Dom Francis points out, there are still many who do not believe that miracles are performed today at Lourdes or elsewhere, but he questions whether this unbelief is not occasioned by mortal minds seeking to limit the power of God by the finiteness of their own intelligence, forgetful that "God is able to do more than man can understand."

Ready Replies on Religion, *by Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Frederick Pustet Co., Inc. New York,* 1939. 137 *pp.* $1.50.

The title of this brief volume is very misleading. As a matter of fact, the book is much more interesting than *Ready Replies on Religion* would lead one to suspect. Written in the form of questions and answers, and put down at random, it is in reality a compendium of brief meditations on a variety of subjects suitable alike for priests, religious and laity. The subjects are presented in a manner that makes them decidedly thought-provoking, and the book can be picked up at odd moments with much spiritual profit to the reader.

Herself: Mrs. Patrick Crowley, *by Doran Hurley. Longmans, Green & Co. New York,* 1939. 308 *pp.* $2.00.

Those who have previously made the acquaintance of Mrs. Patrick Crowley of Millington, will be very happy to meet again the guardian of "the Old Parish" with her newly acquired wealth. For "herself" won a sweepstake, and decided on a trip to New York to see if the ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out there as well as they were in Boston. But before her trip was over, she had managed a meeting with a real live Duchess, a crazed Communist, some Spanish refugee nuns (one of them with a beautiful brogue!), a visit to Madison Square Garden, and many other experiences denied to ordinary folk.

The whole story is told with delightful humor and real wit, and the reader will thoroughly enjoy spending three weeks in New York in the company of "herself," with the inclination to say when the time comes for parting: "I do hope we meet again, Mrs. Crowley—and soon!"

Staircase to a Star, *by Paul Bussard. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. New York,* 1939. 120 *pp.* $1.50.

Staircase to a Star is a group of short essays in which the author, in poetical prose, pictures the futile attempt of man to escape from the reality of God. Father Bussard shows us how useless are the soul's attempts to flee from "the Hound of Heaven," and how sublime is the reward in store for those who acknowledge Him and submit to His loving will.

The book will appeal particularly to those of a poetic frame of mind, since the various essays are truly gems of poetry, although written in prose.

In *The Catholic Nurse* we read: "A certain Bishop has said more than once in public that he is frequently accused of having the conversion of England on the brain. His answer to this charge is that it is not a bad place to have it." Just for fun, ask yourself, "What do *I* have on the brain?"

May Mission Intention

That the Number of Missionaries May Increase Among the Catholics of England

Strange to say, the first thing that flashed through my mind when giving thought to this month's mission intention was a vague picture of the massive ruins of a Benedictine Abbey near London, which I had been shown rather in detail some years ago. I asked myself: What connection is there between ruins of the hoary past and the visualization of a legion of missionaries from England in the dim future? Could it be that ruins spell hope? If "Merry England" of bygone days has produced numberless men and women who gave all their powers of body, mind, and soul to Christ and His Church, why would not a re-Catholicized England of tomorrow rise to even greater deeds of valor and holiness in an age when her dominions are so great that she can boast that the "sun never sets in the British Empire," and when opportunity knocks as never before?

The English people are fundamentally a religious people. Not everyone may agree with this, and I would not venture to express the opinion had I not actually heard it from English priests. To a certain extent I was able to convince myself of it through personal contact with many types of people during my year of practice in the midlands. However, it is a far cry from Protestant "religiousness" to Catholic "religiousness," and it seems easy to predict that before there can be a substantial increase of Catholic missionaries from England, there must be a tidal wave of conversions. As the percentage of Catholics rises—and it does so steadily—the English missionaries will increase and multiply. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, this tidal wave of conversions may never come unless a number of the comparatively few who have the light of faith generously make the supreme sacrifice of leaving the shores of their native isle to carry the torch of faith and charity into foreign lands. This conviction was expressed by Cardinal Manning when he said: "Seeing that we need priests for our own country, we must send them to the stranger. The number and zeal of our priests, their success and work, will be in proportion to our liberality in giving of that which we have received."

It is true England has her Foreign Mission Society of Mill Hill, as well as English priests and sisters—members of different missionary organizations, who are carrying the standard of the cross to the flar-flung limits of the British Empire—but many more are needed!

If one travels over British dominions, one meets missionaries of many nationalities. In the purely spiritual field they can supply the need, but in educational and medical work the difficulty begins, as British diplomas and, in certain cases, British citizenship also are required, although in comparison with other countries and colonies, England has been very liberal in this respect. In the past she adopted the policy of using all who were helpful. However, increasing nationalism, standardization of work and economic pressure make a greater number of English missionaries not only desirable but imperative. The Church needs soldiers of Christ on her frontiers—and immense stretches of those frontiers are under the British flag. Therefore She has recourse to the unfailing means of obtaining what she needs, namely, to prayer.

During the beautiful month of May, 30,000,000 members of the Apostleship of Prayer will raise their hearts and voices to the Lord of the harvest, to implore Him to send laborers into His vineyard from the land which once upon a time was so devoted to Mary that it gloried in the title of "Our Lady's Dowry."—ANNA DENGEL.

Efficiency, according to Mr. Webster, is "the power to produce effects." If you subscribe to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY for someone else, you have given him a gift, you have helped our magazine and you have spread the message of the Medical Apostolate. Quite an "efficient" investment, don't you think? Subscription rates: $1 for 1 year; $5 for 6 years.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

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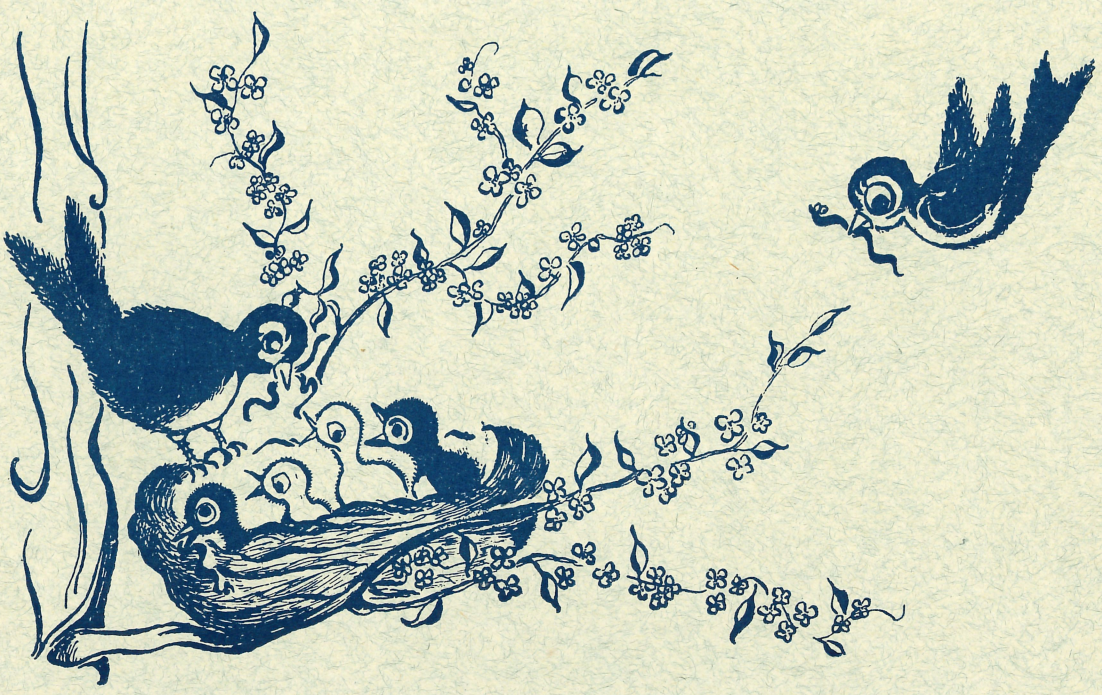
Rev. Martin Fahy, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
Rev. Joseph T. Barron, Washington, D. C.
Rev. Michael Fox, M.S., London, Eng.
Rev. Sebastian Schaff, O.M. Cap., New York City.
Mother Raymond, R.G.S., Peekskill, N. Y.
Sister M. Pacifica, Highland Falls, N. Y.
Mrs. Therese Bohnert, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Richard Fitzgibbons, Stamford, Conn.
Mr. Richard Daly, Bridgeport, Conn.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord:
And let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace. Amen.

It takes teamwork to fill the bill!



May 1, 1939.

Necessity, Inc.

has billed us for a lot of things which we still have not acquired for the new Motherhouse. We are working as hard as we can, but if it takes *two* robins to provide for four nestlings, it means all of us will have to work together to provide for our growing Medical Missionary family.

Below are the most urgent needs. May we hope the end of May may see them in our house?

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The Motherhouse and the Novitiate are located in Brookland, Washington, D. C.

At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.

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